# Warmer Than The Morgue

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26268970.

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|---|---|
| Rating: | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Alternate Universe - Student/Teacher, Alternate Universe - College/University, Professor Will Graham, grad student Hannibal, Family Drama, Betrayal, Hook-Up, hook-up app, Sugar Daddy, Daddy Kink, Masturbation, Temptation, Manipulation, Will knows he's being played, Will doesn't care that he's being played, Flirting, Fantasizing, Vulnerable Hannibal Lecter, Blow Jobs, Hannibal is a little shit, To the surprise of no one, brat Hannibal, Sugar Daddy Will, Seduction, Anal Sex, Coming Untouched, Cuddling & Snuggling, further betrayal?, threat of deportation, Hiding, Reunions, Reunion Sex, Rutting, Coming In Pants, Happy Ending |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 60 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics |
| Stats: | Published: 2020-09-03 Completed: 2020-09-17 Words: 12,061 Chapters: 3/3 |

# Warmer Than The Morgue

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When grad student Hannibal's uncle leaves him destitute, he turns to one of his professors for help.

Notes

Okay so this is the story I started writing for H.L. Holston's sugar baby Hannibal/daddy Will prompt but I wasn't keen on how it was going in regards to filling the prompt. Which is why I ended up writing Twenty Four Hours instead. Hope you all like this one!

# Chapter 1

“Lecter, my office, after class.” Professor Graham growled.

There was a rumble through the classroom and eyes turned to Hannibal Lecter who had been nodding off in the auditorium.

Will continued the lesson as though nothing had happened, his students knowing well enough to snap back to attention. He had no compunction about penalising students who disrupted lessons.

And he knew full well that Lecter was not only aware of this, but was usually one of his most diligent students. There had to be a good reason why he was falling asleep in class.

He was awake now, and alert. A look of determination across the young man's face as though he was completely invested in remaining awake and engaged for the rest of the class, despite the bags under his eyes.

Will got to his office only a minute before Lecter, letting himself in and moving papers from the spare chair just in time for his student to knock.

"Come in," Will called out, gruffer than he'd intended. An automatic reaction to anyone bothering him, usually.

Lecter came in and shut the door behind him, ignoring the chair and standing before Will's desk as Will took a seat.

"Apologies, Professor. It won't happen again."

"Take a seat, Lecter." Will indicated that he pull up the chair but there was a hesitant moment before he did so.

"This isn't like you, Lecter. You've been one of my top students all year, and I know all your other lecturers say the same. Some misjudged partying this weekend?

Lecter fixed him with such a cold glare at the question that it sent a little shiver over Will's skin. It made his gut pull tight in the way this student did way too often. The very reason he tried to keep a distance from the young man usually. Not wanting to be subject to that intensity directly.

There was something there beneath Hannibal Lecter's facade that intrigued Will. But he wasn't one for chasing around after students. He had no interest in that sort of thing. Or so he had always thought until Lecter joined his graduate programme.

"No, Mr Graham." His reply wasn't just cold, he seemed almost disappointed. "I have not been partying. It won't happen again."

Lecter rose and Will held up his hand, "Sit back down, Lecter."

The command in his tone drew a raised brow from Lecter who hesitated again, but sat.

"Tell me what's going on." Will said, "I can't have my best student flunking my class. It wouldn't reflect well."

Lecter's jaw tightened and he looked to the window, not wanting to discuss whatever it was, but Will wasn't going to let up. He meant it, having such a bright student fail his class wasn't going to reflect well on him. And he gave half a shit about Lecter too, given how much hard work he had clearly put in up to this point.

"I had been living with my uncle, awaiting my inheritance from my family's estate. When I moved here for graduate school I unfortunately trusted my uncle to manage my affairs." Lecter continued to look out the window as he explained, "It was an expensive mistake for me to make."

“What happened?” Will frowned, concerned by the turn of conversation.

“He robbed me blind and I was too busy studying to realise it.” Lecter replied, turning his cold gaze on Will.

“Shit. Are you… Is everything ok?”

“No.” Came the short reply.

Will shook his head and winced. “Of course not. Is there anything I can do?”

“I may need an extension on the pa-” Lecter started but Will cut him off.

“Hannibal,” Will said his name gently, feeling the emotion sitting under the surface of the young man’s blank expression. “I don’t just mean an extension on assignments. Are you able to afford food? How bad is this? Do you want me to get the number of someone in student welfare?”

Lecter shook his head. “I’m managing.”

“You’re falling asleep in my class.”

“I took an evening job at the morgue, I need the money to pay for tuition.”

“And accommodation? Food? *How* are you managing?” Will pressed, taking in the slightly rumpled look that would usually not be of note on another student but was unexpected on Hannibal Lecter.

“For now, I am managing.” Lecter replied with a growl, clearly not appreciating the questioning.

“Okay, well. Look, if you need any help.” Will hesitated a moment. He should give him the number for student welfare, but he didn’t. He couldn’t even say why he grabbed one of his dust covered business cards that he only took to the occasional conference. But he handed it to Lecter nonetheless. “If you’re in trouble…”

“Fine.” Lecter took the card and stood up. “I still need that extension.”

Will said nothing, simply nodded and watched Lecter turn and leave the room.

**A Month Earlier**

Hannibal sighed as he looked around the rather grandiose apartment that he had paid up until the end of the month. Less than three weeks until he would have to move out. He hadn’t brought an awful lot with him from home, which he was now regretting. He could have sold it off and lived off of the earnings for some time. But now it was all in the clutches of his uncle.

There were a few things he could sell, but as he was breaking the lease with no notice, he wouldn’t get back his security so would need that as a down payment on somewhere else.

Somewhere very, very modest. Even with the job at the morgue, he already knew from the listings that at best he would be able to get a very poor quality studio apartment in an questionable area of the city. At best, he might find a room in a shared house, or lodge with someone. And whilst those would be more comfortable situations, it would be an end to his preferred solitude.

Hannibal looked at his kitchen, walking over to run fingers along the countertop. It was what had attracted him to this place when he'd seen the listing. He had few hopes of finding something similar in either option left to him.

After the death of his parents and before his uncle took him in, Hannibal had been given an acute taste of hardship, and if he had to face that struggle again, he would. The bitter taste in his mouth was his uncle's part in it. And even more so, that he had trusted and allowed himself to be betrayed. Not a mistake he ever planned on making again.

His jaw clenched and he wandered through to the bedroom. He could take a nap now, he had the time before class. But thoughts of moving, of everything still left to facilitate it, had him worked up. Usually calm and collected, there were times when his emotions roiled beneath the surface in want of release. And this was one of those times.

Few things relieved this sort of energy as it buzzed under his skin, but one way he had discovered when just a boy in the orphanage, sharing a dorm with other equally concupiscent adolescents. There had been one night when three of them had experimented together, explored each other to a very quick and pleasurable end.

Hannibal had always remained aloof and detached from people, no desire or need to engage in anything beyond sex with another. Those fellow orphans had not been friends, merely a convenience.

He had even been slow to trust his aunt and uncle at first, though Murasaki had been key at winning him around. She shared her culture and fine tastes with him and pulled him from his shell. And now he cursed himself for not trusting that instinct borne of his parent's tragic death. Cursed himself for not having kept his uncle at arm's length over the years.

Hannibal lay down on his bed with a heavy sigh and pulled his phone out of his pocket. The stress was still there to be relieved and there were a couple of people he sometimes called on such an occasion. Those that had pleased him before and equally wanted nothing more than sexual gratification on a whim. But even they didn't appeal at that moment. He wanted a stranger, something anonymous and satisfying.

Hannibal's thumb hesitated over the icon for just a moment before opening Grindr. It wasn't something he used often, but it certainly had come in handy now and then.

He began to scroll through the faces popping up from other users in his locality. He couldn't help but let his mind wander to how those users might change once he moved apartments. Perhaps more blue collar workers and less of the doctors and lawyers, some of whom were on there looking for something their wives couldn't offer.

None appealed as he scrolled.

Witty taglines and photos of bare chests, Hannibal hated the try-hardness of it all. But it was simply a means to an end.

He scrolled a little more and then stopped. It was the photo that caught his eye before the tagline, and that had made his mouth twitch up into a smile.

“Well, well, professor.” Hannibal muttered.

It wasn’t the first time he’d come across the profile of students or teachers at the university, but this one was certainly a surprise. Not because he had assumed anything about Professor Graham’s sexuality one way or the other, but because the man was private to the point of being a recluse. But more so, he was one of Hannibal’s more interesting lecturers.

The photo Professor Graham had chosen was an interesting one, with that in mind. He was clearly naked, a shot panning down as he adjusted his spectacles, ending just above his groin. Looking like a professor might in pornography. The tagline made Hannibal’s lips curl into a grin -

*Need a daddy?*

Hannibal clicked on the profile and read the scant information.

*Let me spoil you. I can be your sugar daddy tonight.*
*Top - vers*
*Single*
*Negative*

There were three more photos attached to the profile, also in states of undress. One with a slightly longer beard than the professor’s usual scruff, which made him wonder if it was taken during the summer break.

Hannibal let out a long hum as he studied the profile, an idea starting to form. And an interest starting to develop in his pants.

He of course wasn’t going to be so reckless as to send a message, but as his hand wandered down to his fly, he couldn’t deny the arousal.

Hannibal clicked out of Grindr and to another site, one with videos that were tagged as “daddy”, coming hard to the first one he found that bore even a passing resemblance to Professor Will Graham.

**Present**

Will tried not to get too involved with students. Ever.

He barely gave them the time of day even when they came to him during office hours. Straight to the point, promptly resolved and then back out.

But after his conversation with Lecter, he did look up the details for student welfare to pass on the next time they spoke. He had stopped Lecter after class and given him the number. An

awkward exchange, and Lecter had stayed away from him since. For the best really.

He would do that too, and leave it be. He resolved.

Despite the urge he felt to do more.

Will liked taking care of people. Albeit usually with no strings attached, and under very different circumstances, but Hannibal Lecter pulled something out in him. Something he knew would be too dangerous to even entertain.

This was very much in the fore of his mind when he returned to his office after his final class for the day and found Hannibal Lecter waiting for him.

The light was off, and Hannibal was sitting in the guest chair, slumped sleeping against Will's desk.

The annoyance that Will automatically felt was tempered by something a little more gentle.

"Hannibal?" Will asked gently, turning the light on and closing the door softly behind him.

Lecter didn't stir, and so Will, with a little hesitation, placed a hand on the boy's shoulder.

And then ran it down his back.

At that Lecter roused and stretched out like a damn cat and Will was petting him. And there was an unexpected sensuality to his movements.

Then suddenly Lecter was wide awake and stood so abruptly he almost pushed the chair over. "My apologies professor, I-" Lecter started and turned, straight into Will.

He was surprised to find him so close, his eyes going wide a moment before he collided with Will's chest. Will had to put out his arms to stop the boy from falling anywhere but against him.

And there they froze for a moment. Until Will pushed Lecter back to his feet, cleared his throat and moved around the desk.

Will could admit to a compulsion to care for others. He gained pleasure from it, occasionally sexual. It gratified him to lavish attention on someone. Though only ever with no strings attached and it wasn't something he was about to start indulging with students.

Not happening. No matter how attractive he might find them. He wasn't in the habit of going for people ten years younger than himself.

Even if they seemed intellectually and emotionally much older than the physical age.

Will dropped into his chair and swallowed, trying to ignore the twitch of his cock.

"What are you doing here?" Will growled. "Don't think I didn't notice your little talent of lockpicking. I never leave my office unlocked."

For the briefest moment a smirk crossed Lecter's face and then it was gone. An affectation of coyness replaced it, one which Will didn't need years of training in criminal psychology to know was fake. But he allowed it, curious, as Hannibal sat back down and let out a long, soft sigh.

Will raised a brow at him, at the display. To which Lecter then puffed out another sigh and raised his own brow. Caught out.

"Can I be honest?" Lecter asked.

"I'd prefer it," Will replied, a slight edge of amusement to his annoyance.

"I wasn't able to get assistance from Student Welfare. Not immediately anyway, there was a waiting time and the small emergency fund was not enough to cover my rent. I was hoping I might sleep here." Lecter's answer was so brash and no nonsense that Will couldn't help but believe him.

"No friend's sofa? No girlfriend you could impose upon in the short term?" Will pressed, curious and knowing he really only added the last because of a completely unnecessary curiosity that he should absolutely ignore.

"I don't have time for friends. Or lovers." Lecter replied, coolly. "It was either here or the morgue, but I am sure you understand this is the warmer option."

Will drew in a deep breath and pushed up his glasses in order to pinch the bridge of his nose. He felt a headache already starting, one that was threatening to vibrate all the way down to his balls.

"Lecter, I'm sure you knew I have later classes today. I'm equally sure you expected me to discover you here. So, please continue with your honesty." Will pushed again, taking his glasses off and looking directly at the boy.

The smirk was there again, only for a fraction longer. And then a non-committal shrug as Hannibal looked away.

"I don't know anyone. I don't talk to any other teachers beyond the necessary. You're the only person since I started schooling here who I have had more than a handful of interactions with. So you asked if I have a friend's sofa. No." Hannibal looked back and fixed him with a penetrating stare, "Could I perhaps sleep on your sofa?"

Will had equally expected this and simultaneously not prepared for it in the moments before the words left Hannibal's mouth.

"That would be highly inappropriate." Will responded.

"I agree. However, I have no other options. And as you said, it would be temporary. Until the welfare payment is finalised and I am able to rent somewhere a little more within my *new*, means." Lecter replied with persuasion skills that could earn him good money if he went into politics.

Will shook his head. “No, absolutely not.” The words came out but many separate parts of his body were trying to shut him up.

“Of course,” Hannibal accepted. He looked away again for a moment and then said with such venom it startled Will, “I am learning I should never trust others or expect any kindness. Thank you for your time, Professor.”

Lecter stood and turned, picking up his satchel.

Before he’d even taken a step, Will was on his feet. “Wait, Hannibal… Wait.”

He knew he was going to regret this. He could lose his job, lose everything. But he just couldn’t fight the urge he had to protect and care for this kid as no one else had done. Even if he was being so blatantly manipulated.

“Where’s the rest of your stuff?”

“Currently stored in the staff room at the Morgue.” Lecter answered, petulance there which absurdly made Will feel more need to soothe the boy.

“We can collect it on the drive to my house.” Will replied gruffly.

When Lecter turned and flashed him a charming and breathtaking smile, Will knew he had made entirely the wrong decision. He just didn’t know if he cared.

# Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will can't resist Hannibal, though he doesn't try all that hard.

Lecter, his large suitcase and box full of items Will couldn't even name, fit snugly into Will's spare room.

For the rest of the week they stayed very much separate. At the weekend too, initially. But then Will couldn't help but notice how strange new appliances had started to appear in his kitchen. It seemed like every time he took the dog for a walk, or the time he went fishing for a few hours, he'd come home and find a little more of Hannibal Lecter bleeding into his living space.

He was returning from his Sunday morning walk with Winston when the smell hit him, as soon as he stepped up the porch. Curious, Will opened the door slowly, expecting from the smell that surely Hannibal had somehow gone into the town and brought back coffees.

Instead Will walked into the kitchen and to the sight of the young man making coffee from a machine that looked like something from a science lab.

"Um, Hannibal?" Will asked.

Lecter turned to look at him, an expression on his face that seemed to be daring Will to say something negative.

"What is this?" Will asked with a careful tone.

"Coffee." Hannibal answered plainly, as though it were completely obvious.

"This machine, Hannibal. Why is it in my kitchen?" Will tried to be a bit sterner, though found it strangely difficult when the young man stood there in a thin t-shirt, and pyjama pants hanging from his hips. His hair was mussed up, and Will wasn't sure if the look was straight from bed or purposeful.

"I didn't want it to suffer from lack of usage, sitting in the box in my room. So unloved." There was a tease to Hannibal's voice. Yeah, the look was definitely purposeful.

But Will was stopped from returning a comment when Hannibal removed a mug from under the machine and handed it to Will.

Will was salivating before he even took a sip. And he wasn't even sure he should. They had barely seen each other, much less talked, since he brought Lecter home with him. And now

they were having morning coffee together?

Hannibal poured his own and then leaned back against the counter and sipped at it as he watched Will over his mug, in clear expectation.

Will cleared his throat and set down the coffee on the counter.

“We should talk. About what’s going on here.” Will grumbled.

“Don’t worry, it’s all easily packed away again. I’m not trying to integrate myself into your home. I just don’t like bad coffee.” Hannibal’s mouth turned up into a little smirk.

Will huffed but couldn’t help smiling back.

He couldn’t quite get a read on the boy. He seemed over all to be someone too proud to take help or show any weakness at all. But for some reason he had decided that this didn’t apply to Will. He hadn’t tried anything overt, so Will couldn’t dismiss the interest as sexual, though the way it sometimes felt like flirtation meant he couldn’t rule it out either.

Will stuck to his guns, “How long do you think you’ll need to stay?”

Hannibal sipped, a contemplative look on his face that was clearly for show.

“Hmm, until the welfare check clears, and then I need to actually find a new place. So, a month I would estimate.”

Will’s chest went tight at the thought. He really didn’t want this to go on for so long. If it wasn’t for the fact that he lived miles from the school and practically in the middle of nowhere, he’d have never even offered in the first place.

“I guess it goes without saying that you probably shouldn’t tell anyone you’re staying here. It, uh, wouldn’t look right for an openly gay member of staff to be having young male students stay over.” Will said firmly.

Hannibal blinked before replying, deadpan, “I didn’t know you were gay!”

Will might have believed the words if it wasn’t for the way Hannibal then clutched his imaginary pearls and continued, “And I’m not *that* young. Legally an adult, as I’m sure you know. Certainly old enough to consent.”

His reply was cocky, a taunt meant to catch Will off guard but it just made him scowl.

“If you hurry and pack your coffee robot back up I can have you and your stuff dropped back to the morgue by this evening.” Will countered.

Hannibal let out a light, maddeningly pleasing, laugh at that and waved a dismissive hand. “Relax, I don’t want to get expelled any more than you want to lose your job.”

Despite his words, Hannibal made a show of looking Will up and down.

In response Will just grumbled and walked away, stopping for a moment to pick up the mug of coffee and take it with him as Hannibal chuckled again.

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By the end of the second week they had gone back to barely seeing each other. Which seemed to work out just fine.

It was easy to pretend that Lecter wasn't really there at all. And if anything, Will would give him the fact that he was dedicated to his studies. Many nights when Will went to bed the light was still on in the spare room and Will could hear him tapping away on his laptop.

On the Friday after class, Lecter handed in the paper Will had assigned with absolutely no impropriety, just like any other student. Unlike the other students though, Will sat at the desk and looked over the paper before even getting back to his office.

He had figured that the change in circumstances, the stress and inconvenience, would have made it more difficult to keep his usual grades. But if anything this was the best paper Lecter had turned in for Will's class. Which was saying a lot.

Will couldn't help a strange swell of pride. Before realising that the fact that Hannibal no longer had anything better to do than class, his shifts at the morgue, and then hanging out in the spare room, he had a lot of time to focus.

That sat weird with Will. He found himself feeling a little sorry for the kid and wondering what sort of social life he usually had. Sure, Lecter had already admitted he didn't really have any friends, but Will was sure he must do something other than studying.

Unbidden the thought of him at one of the gay bars in the city popped into Will's head and made him wince.

Yeah, maybe Lecter was usually out on the tiles a night or two a week rather than stuck in a cabin in the woods. Will had to admit that he himself would usually go out at least a few nights a month to get his rocks off. And it wasn't like he hadn't jerked off a few times since Hannibal had moved in.

The first couple of times it had been whilst sexting randoms on Grindr. But then he hadn't needed that stimulation, instead thinking of some faceless young man calling him daddy and begging for his come.

Will shook the thoughts from his head and took the papers to his office. He'd normally grade them there so he'd have the weekend free. But after only a moment's hesitation, he packed the papers into his satchel and left his office.

He'd do them tomorrow, for now he wanted to do something else.

Well, what he really wanted was to go find a hookup at a bar and fuck around all night to work out the frustration that was starting to crawl under his skin. But what he was actually

going to do, was try to make sure Hannibal Lecter wasn't a sad loner who's meagre social life had been even more impacted than his own.

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Will grabbed some ingredients on the way home and actually enjoyed the chance for the first time in a long while to make gumbo for anyone other than himself and the freezer.

Hannibal had a short shift at the morgue on Friday evenings to fill in breaks in the roster, so it was all ready to go when the young man let himself in.

He didn't notice Will, or so Will assumed, when he went immediately to the stairs. When Will heard the shower running, he figured that made sense and he began to plate up. It was another twenty minutes before he decided to go see if Hannibal wanted some food.

The shower was off and there were slightly damp footprints leading to Hannibal's door.

Will knocked lightly and then cleared his throat.

"Uh, Hannibal? I made dinner if you want some?"

The room was completely silent, Hannibal wasn't even moving around in there. Will was about to knock again when Hannibal finally replied.

"Thank you, that's very thoughtful. I'll be down shortly."

Will could have just taken that and walked away. Waited. But there was something in Lecter's voice that made him ask, "Is everything okay?"

Another hesitation before Hannibal let out a deep breath, almost a sigh, and replied "My lawyer called."

Will frowned, not sure he wanted to continue this conversation through the door, but not wanting to intrude either. He was about to suggest they discuss it over dinner, when he heard the soft tread and then Hannibal opened the door.

Will pushed it the rest of the way open as Hannibal went over to the bed and sat down, looking down at his hands.

His hair was damp and he was dressed in the loose pyjama pants and thin t-shirt combo that Will had to admit suited him well.

"You wanna talk about it?" Will asked and stepped a little further in.

Hannibal looked up at him, unable to hide his sadness, it made Will's guts twist.

"He…" Hannibal started and then let out a heavy sigh.

Feeling awkward standing over the boy, Will moved to his side and then took a seat next to him on the bed.

“What happened?” He urged gently.

“I used the last of the money in my account on the lawyer only to have him tell me that my case is hopeless.”

Will swallowed and put a comforting hand on Hannibal’s shoulder. “That can’t be true, there must be some way. He has to be accountable. Just… don’t worry right now. Sleep on it and Monday I’ll see if someone in the law faculty can help.”

Hannibal shook his head, “He owns international businesses. He has influence. Even if I could prove my case, he’d have it buried.” He let out shaky breath and was silent for a few moments before finally continuing, “Will you take care of me?”

Hannibal’s voice was small and tired.

Will hesitated and looked over at the young man who looked so broken. Before he could answer Hannibal moved, putting his head down and curling into Will’s lap.

“Will you look after me, daddy?”

Will winced and his cock throbbed. “Hannibal…”

“I know you like that. I saw your grindr profile.”

“Fuck, Hannibal. It doesn’t matter what I like. I can’t… you’re a student. You shouldn’t even be here.”

“But I am. Because you were worried about me.”

“You need to call student welfare. I want to help you but there’s a line-”

“Or I could thank you for letting me stay. Thank you for dinner.” Hannibal muttered the words as he turned to press his face into Will’s crotch.

“You don’t need to do that, don’t need to thank me.” Will groaned, though he didn’t stop Hannibal nuzzling at his thickening cock, or stop Hannibal’s fingers from finding his belt buckle.

“I want to.” Hannibal started to mouth at Will’s cock through his pants. Will wanted to push him off, he knew he should, but he felt completely helpless. “And not just to thank you. There’s a reason I am always so attentive in your classes, professor.”

Will groaned and let his head fall back, his hands coming up to scrub at his face as Hannibal pulled his cock from his pants and sank his mouth down on it. It took everything in Will not to buck up into the boy’s throat.

“This is wrong.” Will managed, earning a chuckle around his cock.

Hannibal swallowed around him before pulling back, sucking gently, licking his tip and then pulling off entirely, leaving Will’s wet cock stood to attention.

“I’ll stop if you want me to. But please don’t make me. It isn’t about dinner or your help, but if that gives me an excuse… if you take care of me, I’ll take care of you, daddy.”

Hannibal licked the tip again and Will was nodding emphatically without even thinking about it. His hand was in Hannibal’s hair, taking hold there, before Hannibal had even sank half way back down on this cock.

This was a terrible idea. Will knew it. But acknowledging it was another thing entirely.

*

In the end, Will had barely slept.

After he came down Hannibal’s throat he’d practically ran from the room, leaving dinner to spoil downstairs as he retreated to his own room like a coward.

It was early when he got up and cleared up the kitchen, salvaged what he could, and then took Winston for his walk.

A damn long walk. One he wasn’t sure he wanted to return from. He certainly didn’t want to face Hannibal, or what he’d done with the boy. He could lose his job for this, he *should* lose his job.

“Fuck,” He muttered under his breath before returning, no longer able to avoid the situation. He took a slow walk up onto the veranda before letting himself back into the quiet house. And it was, very quiet.

“Hannibal?” Will called out, even as his stomach dropped.

Hannibal was gone.

*

Hannibal couldn’t help his smile as he let himself back in, hearing Will opening and closing doors upstairs, calling his name.

He wondered how long he should let the man bang around before revealing himself.

Hannibal had actually gone out looking for Will when he realised he’d left. Though he hadn't looked too hard. He had wanted to shake Will up a little bit. Throw him off guard and hopefully deter him away from any thoughts of kicking Hannibal out.

“Will?” He called up the stairs.

Will immediately appeared at the top and bounded down quickly until he was level to Hannibal. Hannibal wouldn’t meet his eyes, looking down, looking sheepish.

“Fuck, you scared me. I thought-” Will stopped himself and Hannibal knew what he was going to say.

“That I’d gone? Or that I’d gone to tell on you?” Hannibal replied, keeping his eyes low and his voice meek. “I wouldn’t, you know, tell on you. I wouldn’t tell anyone what you did.”

Hannibal hid his amusement as Will sucked in a breath.

“What I… Han-”

“I’d never tell, no matter what you did to me.” Hannibal pushed, wondering how far he could push Will towards a total freak out.

“Fuck, Hannibal. I, I can’t, shit I should never have-” Will stammered and then went silent for a moment. Clearly considering his next words.

It was then that Hannibal allowed a chuckle, stifled so that it wasn’t obvious. But enough to make his body shake. He knew it would equally seem like he was crying, and that made it all the more amusing. Hannibal kept his head bowed the whole time, never letting Will really see.

“Hannibal.” He could feel Will go to reach for him and then hesitate. Yes, touching him again would be even more inappropriate.

Hannibal couldn’t conceal his laughter any more, his whole body shaking as he chuckled. He looked up into Will’s confused frown.

“Please, professor. I will allow that I felt a little vulnerable last night and in need of *something*. Something I didn’t get as you ran off after you came down my throat. Not very gentlemanly.” Hannibal chastised as Will went wide eyed. “I assure you, I know exactly what I’m doing.”

“Is this some sort of set up?” Will growled, “If you’re planning on blackmailing me or something-”

Will stopped when Hannibal chuckled and shook his head.

“No, I really did just want a roof over my head. But also, perhaps something more.” Hannibal stepped forward and slipped a hand to Will’s shoulder, then up to the back of his neck.

Will continued to glare at him but didn’t push him away.

“You’ve been manipulating me.” Will grumbled the words, not looking him in the eye. “You said you saw my grindr, know what I like. You’ve used that against me, right? You knew that I… I’d want to take care of you. Was the stuff about your uncle even real?”

He sounded angry, he was tense under Hannibal’s fingers, but he still didn’t pull away.

“Yes, very real unfortunately. And I only manipulated you because I like you. I wouldn’t have done the same to professor Chilton had it been his profile I came across.” Hannibal closed the space between them and whispered in Will's ear, “When I found your profile I pleasured myself whilst thinking about you, daddy.”

Will shook and groaned. “This isn’t okay.”

But he still didn’t step back.

“I’m a consenting adult.” Hannibal’s lips ghosted against his neck.

“You’re my student. I’m in a position of authority over you…”

Hannibal chuckled, “That’s not entirely true, daddy.” He reached down and stroked his hand over the growing bulge in Will’s pants. “I think you like that I manipulated things a little. You like that you’re not in charge of me.”

Will groaned, his face heating. Hannibal’s own arousal increased and he pressed his body against Will’s so that he could feel it.

“I need a sugar daddy, and you want a little brat, don’t you?” Hannibal pushed.

“Yes,” The word was a short, sharp and breathless response.

“Hmm.” Hannibal let out a delighted hum and moved both his arms up around Will’s neck, even as the professor remained rigid.

“No one can know,” Will’s words were barely more than a whisper and full of resignation. He wasn’t going to fight, even if he knew he shouldn’t be doing this.

But surely the taboo, the illicitness made it all the more enticing for him? It did for Hannibal.

“I won’t tell a soul. And you live in the middle of nowhere, so no one will hear me screaming your name when I ride your cock to completion.”

Will groaned at the words and buried his face in Hannibal’s neck, his arms finally circling Hannibal’s waist and pulling their bodies close enough to rut together.

“I want that, fuck. I want that.” Will admitted, clutching Hannibal’s smaller frame to him.

“I want some more coffee.” Hannibal replied, a smile on his lips as Will pulled back to look at him curiously. “I’m almost out of grounds. It’s quite expensive, daddy.”

Will’s jaw clenched and the penny clearly dropped. Hannibal really did mean to be his sugar baby. And a brat.

Will growled “Fine, I’ll buy more coffee,” and then swept Hannibal up into his arms and carried him up the stairs to finish what they had started the night before.

# Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

They could get into trouble for this...

“Oh daddy, daddy…” Hannibal moaned and writhed beneath him.

Will closed his eyes and pressed their foreheads together as he continued to thrust into Hannibal at a sustained pace. Not too hard or fast, not too slow, but grazing his prostate every time.

In the two weeks since they’d started fucking they had pretty much perfected it.

Hannibal knew exactly how to get him off with whatever time or space was available. A blow job in the kitchen over morning coffee before leaving for work. A long and slow session on a sleepy evening, out on the veranda - Hannibal riding him in the deckchair.

Or like this. Sunday morning.

Hannibal had woken Will with a hand job, though Will had eventually had to push him away in order to get up a piss. When he’d returned Hannibal had pounced on him, pinned him to the bed and asked for a pony.

Will had slapped his ass and rolled them over, taking advantage of how welcoming Hannibal’s hole was for him these days. It took him only moments to don a condom and coat it with some lube before pushing into his young lover.

There were times of course that Hannibal did genuinely ask for things he needed, but they were all fairly reasonable. And for the most part he entertained and appealed to Will’s desire to care take, by allowing Will to cook for him, treat him.

Then there were times like this where Hannibal played at being a brat, asking for something ridiculous or unreasonable in order to give his ass in exchange for it.

If anything, it made Will feel better about the whole thing. Because it meant that this wasn’t just Hannibal sleeping with him in order to get things. He wasn’t paying Hannibal for his body, not directly.

But also because it had really become clear that Hannibal, whilst he didn’t speak of it, needed the emotional support Will offered too.

Despite the front, it was clear that Hannibal was rightly upset about his uncle and the situation he was now in.

Will didn't doubt every day that what he provided for Hannibal, aside from his house and a few other things he needed, was exactly what Hannibal needed right now. And that included the sex.

There was no doubt that the boy enjoyed, and most of the time initiated it. And he had laughed more than once when Will had asked to be reassured that he didn't feel pressured. Usually those conversations ended with Hannibal riding him hard, just to let him know who really had the control here.

As much as Will was enjoying the sex, and what was essentially a prolonged hookup, he was moreover enjoying feeling wanted. Needed.

He was enjoying being able to provide for Hannibal.

It was better than all the hookups he'd had before because with only one night together, it often felt like roleplay. But this felt real.

Hannibal really was his to love on and take care of in that way he had always craved.

Hannibal had read him so right. It wasn't just a kink, it wasn't just about being called daddy. Will could take or leave that. It was being allowed to care for someone, having someone look to him for that care.

Not like having Winston or any other pets, but an actual person who he could spoil and shower with affection.

He was sure a psychologist would have a field day with it, digging into his life with his parents. The failed relationships that would never have worked. The fact that he no longer wanted to try and so settled for random hookups that would take the daddy kink and run with it and just give him a night of being able to be that caring, loving man that he wanted to be.

Will buried his face in Hannibal's neck and let out a sigh. Hannibal took advantage of the change of position to nip at Will's neck, and although it made his dick twitch where it was buried deep in Hannibal's ass, he didn't want what came next. He didn't want Hannibal to push him back and roll him then sit on his dick. As much as he loved Hannibal riding him, that wasn't what he wanted in that moment.

"Shh, baby, let daddy take care of you," Will mumbled next to Hannibal's ear and then began to move.

Slow, long thrusts that had Hannibal writhing. His knees drew up and his legs wrapped around Will, the change in angle pulling a gasp from him. Will smiled, he knew that gasp well now. He continued his languid thrusts and pulled back enough to watch Hannibal's expression go slack with pleasure.

"Daddy." Hannibal whined and threw his arms around Will's neck.

Will grunted and picked up the pace ever so slightly, just enough to draw more gasps and feel the wetness of Hannibal's cock leaking between them.

“Gonna come for daddy, darlin’?” Will drawled, undulating his hips over and over as he buried himself. “Come like a good boy and daddy will get you a treat.”

Hannibal keened and arched against him.

“There daddy, please… there…” Hannibal met Will’s thrusts with his own movements. Faster and more erratic than Will’s, Hannibal was coming apart beneath him.

It turned Will on so fucking much, how he could wreck this boy.

“Daddy!” Hannibal cried out and came, spurting between them and creating a mess. Will barely changed his depth or speed, just a little, and only then in reaction to the way Hannibal clenched around him. A handful of thrusts later, Will spilled into the condom. He thrust in a couple more times, through his climax as he filled the rubber even more. When he was finally spent he collapsed on top of Hannibal who was still attached around him like a limpet.

“Hmm, feels so good with you inside me.” Hannibal murmured softly, starting to play his fingers in Will’s hair.

Will hummed his own contentment before finally taking hold of the condom, to make sure it didn’t come off, and rolling onto his back.

After he pulled off the condom and tied it off, he went to rise to put it in the bin, but Hannibal took it from his hand and dropped it over the side of the bed. It was with a gentle forcefulness that Hannibal pulled Will back to the bed and snuggled against him.

“Hold me?” Hannibal asked in that small voice he sometimes had, where he seemed to be playing at vulnerable.

Will wasn’t sure it was ever really playing at it. That vulnerability always seemed to be there after a bad day or more news on his uncle. And Will didn’t plan to call him on it. He was simply going to quietly provide whatever Hannibal needed.

So Will held him.

“This is nice,” Will offered, “Thank you.” He knew Hannibal wasn’t doing it for him, but he always wanted Hannibal to know how much he got out of this thing between them.

“Warmer than the morgue,” Hannibal commented with a very gentle chuckle, pressing the now routinely spoken words against Will’s skin.

Will nodded and laughed in return.

It felt good to draw Hannibal to his chest and have him feel comforted and supported. And Will would savour that as long as he could. After all it couldn’t last forever, he would have to make the most of the time until shit was sorted out with Hannibal’s uncle or student welfare. Whichever came first.

Even so, Will found himself dreading that day.

*

Hannibal shook with rage.

He wasn't prone to emotional outbursts, in fact he tried to keep everything neatly hidden behind a perfected facade. Losing his parents when he was younger had made him guarded and self sufficient. He had always been slow to trust and reveal himself.

The betrayal by his uncle made that so much worse.

And now this?

Hannibal barely made it through his shift at the morgue, knowing that missing it wasn't an option. Will already provided so much, he couldn't lose the little income he had.

*Will.*

The thought of him sent up another flare of anger.

How could he?

Hannibal grit his teeth as he grabbed his things from his locker and started out the door. As usual the cab Will had arranged to collect him after every evening shift was there waiting. And had he any other option, he wouldn't have got in it. Or would have gotten in and asked the driver to take him somewhere else. Somewhere far away.

But his studies…

He was trapped. Caught between a rock and a hard place, after it had all been going so well.

Hannibal knew this was only temporary, and he'd somewhat forced Will into it, but he had thought Will liked him. He hadn't expected this.

Hannibal thought about the letter in his bag. The one that had come that morning and he had grabbed it from the mailbox as he'd left for class. He hadn't opened it until his break at the morgue.

He pulled it back out of the bag and clutched it in his fist, ready to confront Will.

When they pulled up at the house, Hannibal hesitated again. Wondering if he should just go and ask the university to help with emergency accommodation. But his anger outweighed common sense, driving him to confront Will.

So Hannibal stepped out of the cab and closed the door quietly, watching it crawl back up the track to the mainroad before he walked up the veranda and let himself in.

It was late so the house was quiet, Will would already be in bed. After his late shifts he usually slept in his own room. But after these past five or so weeks of sleeping together, many other nights he went to bed with Will.

He knew Will liked to snuggle, and he did too. Whilst this whole thing had started as a way to have a roof over his head with the added benefit of a fuck buddy, he did genuinely like Will.

A quiet and unassuming man, a grumpy and off putting professor. But also a sweet and caring man who just wanted to have someone to lavish that attention on. And Hannibal had not minded that one bit, until now.

He felt like a fool. How long had Will been trying to get rid of him? Were there things he just hadn't picked up on?

Letter still in hand, Hannibal ignored Winston's little woof of greeting and went up the stairs.

He took a deep breath before marching into Will's room and turning on the light.

Will was immediately awake and upright in the bed, shielding his eyes from the unexpected brightness.

"Hannibal? What's wrong?" Will asked, starting to rise from the bed. Before he had a chance, Hannibal threw the letter at him and Will caught it against his chest.

"You're having me deported?"

"What? What are you talking about?" Will seemed to simultaneously pale and flush as he turned the letter up the right way and began to scan over it. He appeared to read it twice before frowning and shaking his head. "I don't understand."

"You contacted the Lithuanian Embassy," Hannibal growled and marched back out of the room. Winston raced up the stairs, agitated at the commotion, as Hannibal threw his own door open with a thud and turned on the light. He looked around for a moment at the place he had called home. He had unpacked a great deal of his things, as much as the room size would allow. The rest was stored in Will's barn. He had become an ingrained part of this place after all.

With a huff, Hannibal grabbed his small wheelie case from under the bed and dumped the contents out. He rooted through, finding his passport and papers, slipping those into his pocket. Then he put the case on the bed and began to repack it with essentials.

Will stumbled into the room behind him, letter still in hand.

"Hannibal, I don't understand what this is about. There's a mistake. There's been some sort of mistake." Will pleaded.

Hannibal's chest ached and he desperately wanted to stop, calm down, to talk and understand Will's side. But he wouldn't. He couldn't.

He couldn't let someone fool him again. He had already put so much trust in his uncle, his very own flesh and blood, and now he had nothing.

“I was trying to help.” Will tried to reason with him but to Hannibal it was nothing more than an admission of guilt. He *had* contacted the Embassy, and now Hannibal was being deported.

Hannibal zipped up the case and grabbed hold of it, barrelling past Will and calling over his shoulder, “I will send for my things.”

As if he had the money to do that. As if he had anywhere to go.

“Hannibal stop! Please!”

Hannibal didn’t stop. By the time Will was scrambling out the door after him, trying to pull on his shoes, Hannibal was already sinking into the darkness.

*

Will heard Crawford’s voice approaching his office.

He’d been head of the faculty for years and Will certainly knew him well enough to know his tone. And currently it was that - putting on a polite voice whilst actually being really pissed.

Will winced when Crawford’s voice stopped outside his office door.

Maybe this was finally it? Maybe Hannibal had ratted them out and he was about to lose his job?

It had been a week since Hannibal had left. He was ignoring Will’s calls and emails, and Will could only assume he was sleeping in the locker room at the morgue. It made his fucking heart ache. But what could he do without making this whole thing worse, and potentially public? Dropping by the morgue in search of him was something he’d have to think carefully about, for the potential repercussions.

Maybe those repercussions were about to happen anyway.

As was his way, Crawford knocked with a quick rapp and then let himself in without waiting for an answer. He stuck his head around the door, his expression not quite hiding that, yes, he really was pissed off.

“Everything alright, Jack?” Will asked, his heart in his throat.

“We’ll see,” Was Crawford’s cryptic reply before he wandered into the office with a man in tow. Will had never seen him before and his mind immediately went to questioning if he was from some sort of authority.

There was something ever so slightly familiar about it, and even so it was a shock when Jack introduced them.

“Professor Graham, this is Count Robert Lecter. I believe that his nephew, Hannibal, is one of your top students.” It wasn’t a question and in the internal turmoil, Will wasn’t able to get a grasp of what was happening. Why Lecter was there and why Jack was pissed? Would he come all this way becase Will was fucking his nephew? The nephew he had stolen from?

The reminder jolted Will and he balled his fists, wishing he could jump the desk and plant one in Lecter's face.

Lecter gave a sort of sneer and nod so Will didn't bother to offer his hand to shake. Instead he replied directly to Jack.

"He is. An excellent and promising student."

"Might you know where he is?" Lecter asked, a tone dripping with insincerity. Will realised then Jack's mood. He was doing everything he could to conceal his dislike of the Count.

"He… hasn't been in class this week." Will answered tentatively, unsure of what they already knew. Surely, if Jack suspected anything he'd be raking him over the coals right now? Will cleared his throat, "I assumed he was sick."

His gut plummeted at telling the lie, but it was such a small one compared to what he was trying to conceal.

Jack interjected at that point, "None of his professors have heard from him, but we had hoped that he might have at least contacted you. Given his performance in your class."

"No, sorry." Will replied, frowning. There was definitely more going on here, and if it wasn't their assignation, what was it?

"We're getting a little worried. Count Lecter has come to take him home to Lithuania, as his visa was revoked. But we've not been able to locate him. Do you, um, is there any way you might think he'd go on the run? If he knew he was being deported?" Jack pressed, clearly uncomfortable having the conversation right in front of the Count.

Will shook his head, "No, I… I don't think so…"

The lack of response he'd received had his mind reeling. What if he had run away to avoid deportation?

"Okay, Will. Well, if you think of anything-" Jack started but was cut off by Lecter.

"I believe it is you we have to thank for this situation, Professor Graham." The words were sharp and there was no thanks there whatsoever.

"I don't understand?" Will replied. Because he didn't. He still didn't.

After Hannibal had left, he'd racked his brains going over his call with the Embassy and couldn't think of anything they had discussed that would lead to this. He had reached out as a professional, asking if there was any assistance they could give to one of their nationals. He explained his position as Hannibal's lecturer, and that Hannibal was in need of financial aid.

The letter Hannibal had thrown at him had said "in response to concerns raised by Professor William Graham" and so on. But the upshot being that his visa was being revoked. He had no idea that would happen, or *how* it had happened from his simple and innocent enquiry as to the availability of support.

“Had you not informed the Embassy that Hannibal had lost his anticipated financial support, they would have been none the wiser. As it is, having independent finances available is a stipulation of the student visa.”

Will swallowed. He should have realised. He shouldn’t have interfered.

And the gall of the man to put this on Will, considering he was the reason Hannibal had no money made him want to shake the man.

Will clenched his jaw. “I see. I hadn’t realised. In that case, I think the thanks belong to you. After all, the reason Hannibal needs financial assistance is because you stole his money.”

Jack drew a sharp breath and glared at Will, but the Count simply chuckled.

“Is that what he told you? He really is such a brat. I will admit, between these four walls, that I wasn’t sad to see him go when he decided to come here to study. He is quite the handful. As so many pretentious young men are. He is very good at getting his way and manipulating things to suit his needs.”

The look Lecter gave Will made him pale, perhaps he suspected? Had Hannibal done this sort of thing before?

“He stole *my* money, Professor. That’s why I’m here to collect him.”

Will couldn’t believe it. Hannibal was a brat, he was manipulative, but Will wasn’t a fool. And usually read people well enough. Hannibal was a lot harder to read, but he had been honest about manipulating Will.

Will clenched his jaw and said nothing more than the expected pleasantries. As he closed the door behind them he resolved to find Hannibal before they did.

*

Hannibal snuck into the house and scrubbed Winston’s head with his knuckles.

He had never been keen on pets, though he had enjoyed being at the stables when he was a child. But Winston, he had become fond of. And the domesticity that he represented.

So different from any he had experienced before, either in his childhood or in the way he had lived in the US before his uncle had swindled him.

Winston wagged his tail, his tongue lolled, and he accepted Hannibal’s presence there as though he still lived there.

Which, in part he did.

Hannibal opened the fridge and took out one of the chunks of sausage that Will kept there as dog treats, and fed it to his canine friend.

That first night Hannibal had gotten in his car and driven off, thinking he would sleep in the backseat. Or perhaps go to the morgue. All those options he had already considered weeks and weeks earlier.

But a new option presented itself. He drove a little way down the main road before pulling off and along one of the dirt tracks into the woods. It led to a gate into some farmland, but the lock was rusted so he doubted it was much used.

Hannibal had parked there, grabbed his bag and made his way back through the woods, to Will's property. He let himself into the barn and made himself as comfortable there as was possible. And every day when Will went to work, he'd let himself in, sneak a small amount of food and have a shower. He only left the barn in order to go to his shifts at the Morgue. Now having to use his car and find some parking, rather than relying on taxis, he couldn't exactly call for a pick up in the middle of the woods.

Hannibal was in the shower when he heard the door close and Winston's excited yips. The same he would let out when Will returned home from work.

Hannibal quickly turned off the water and scrambled out, grabbing his towel and listening at the bathroom door.

"No, no that's what I'm, okay. Well thanks for your time."

Hannibal heard a thunk and imagined it to be Will's phone hitting the table.

"Fuck." Will spat the word and Hannibal winced.

It was the middle of the day, what was he doing home?

Hannibal looked around trying to consider his options and mostly just hoping that Will didn't want to use the bathroom. He didn't want to see Will, not after what he'd done. But he also wanted to save face and not reveal that he had still been here.

And then Will called out, "Is there someone here?"

Hannibal swallowed and became rigidly still. Had he given himself away somehow?

"Hannibal?"

He winced and then heard Will moving around downstairs. He quickly dressed, hurrying into his clothes whilst still almost completely wet. And then he heard Will's footsteps on the stairs.

Hannibal remained as quiet as possible when Will called out again and then headed in the direction of Hannibal's room.

Hannibal took the risk and quietly opened the door. He slipped out into the hallway and tread on wet, shoeless feet down the stairs.

He was almost at the bottom when he heard Will coming back down the hall and so started to run, now just focused on getting out and away from this situation. His motion excited Winston he began to bark playfully as Hannibal wrenched open the back door and started to run.

“Hannibal!”

Sticks and dirt pained his feet as he started towards the woods. He could hear Will behind him but he wasn’t going to stop. He couldn’t, not after everything.

“Hannibal, stop!”

With the benefit of footwear, it was clear that Will was gaining on him.

And then he felt the impact.

Will tackled him and he went down, the shoes in his hands flying across the floor as he struggled forward.

“Stop, Hannibal. For fucksake just stop.”

Hannibal struggled as Will rolled him to his back and pinned him down, straddling his waist and holding his arms.

“You left the fridge door open,” Will panted, apparently at a loss of any other words to say.

Equally at a loss, now that he was face to face with the man who had been his lover the last few weeks and now betrayer, Hannibal replied, “Sorry about that.”

*

“I can usually read people well, but you,” Will trailed off for a moment. “Sometimes with you I’m not sure if you mean it, or if you’re playing me. But I think I know when you’re lying.” Will said the words softly as he sat at Hannibal’s feet.

Hannibal sat at the dining table and Will knelt before him with a bowl of warm water, a cloth and some disinfectant. He’d had to pull out a couple of splinters, and clearly some larger twigs had punctured his feet.

“You think I’ve lied to you?” Hannibal asked, his frown just as much part of his question as a response to the discomfort he was in.

“No.” Will said, decisively.

He didn’t think that. For a moment there had been that doubt, but he wasn’t about to believe Robert Lecter over Hannibal.

“Listen, there’s a problem. Your uncle came to the university. He’s looking for you, to take you home.”

Hannibal drew in a sharp breath.

“Why? He never wanted me there. He was so glad to get rid of me, and of course now I know why. Now he’s taken all my money-”

“I never reported you, to immigration.” Will interrupted. “That wasn’t what happened. I contacted them, yes. I was trying to find out what support you could access and the next thing I know you got that letter.”

Hannibal shook his head. “I thought… I thought you didn’t want me. That you were looking for a way out.” The words weren’t meek, not Hannibal trying to manipulate. They were stern and his frown was accusatory.

“No, no. Why would I… No, Hannibal.” Will moved up on his knees and cupped Hannibal’s face, pulling him down to mutter against his lips, “Don’t you know how good you’ve been for me?”

Will held back from kissing him, as much as he wanted to. He didn’t want to push anything. And nothing they said would change the fact that this was still wholly inappropriate.

“What do we do now?” Hannibal answered in a whisper.

“I don’t want you to go.” Will replied. “I’ve been so worried and… I don’t ever want you to go Hannibal. I want you to always be here. I know I shouldn’t-”

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath, “I think I want that too. Are you going to marry me for a green card?” He joked and the laughter was a little forced, but Will appreciated it all the same.

“I’m going to take care of you, that’s what I’m going to do. You’re my boy.” Will’s words were firm and brooked no argument.

Hannibal crumbled into his arms, moving from the chair and down into Will’s lap as he replied, “Yes daddy.”

*

Hannibal wasn’t often prone to nerves or anxiety, but the thought of seeing his uncle again set him on edge.

He was at least reassured that Will sat across from him, as did Jack Crawford.

Will had talked to Crawford at length before Crawford had then interviewed Hannibal alone. Whilst there was a potential issue of misconduct on Will’s part, he left Crawford in no doubt that Will had not abused his position. In fact, he had gone into enough detail about exactly how consensual it was, to make the man blush. In fact, he perfectly painted the picture of hapless professor trying to do the right thing, being seduced by the fascinating foreign student.

An agreement was made. Will would be given a final warning, any issues at all after this would mean his job. Hannibal would have to move out of his home and they were not allowed to be romantically involved, until Hannibal graduated. Unless Hannibal dropped Will's class.

It hadn't been a hard decision. Will would still be there when the year was over, and although he wouldn't be allowed to linger, he would still get to see Will in that small way. His papers would be submitted to Crawford for grading to ensure no preferential treatment. And whilst it was all a lot to take in, it could have been so much worse.

Will could have lost his job. This was a small cross to bear.

The most important thing in it all, was that they now had Crawford on side regarding the Lithuania situation. And Crawford had a lot of friends in the right places.

It hadn't taken much for his friends to find several dodgy leads when it came to the Count. He had used his title more than once to gain people's trust and swindle them out of money. The Verger Corporation already had Interpol investigating him, and now with Hannibal willing to give testimony regarding his uncle's handling of not only Hannibal's finances but also things he'd seen and heard over the years that now he saw in a different light. Exactly the reasons he was likely there to collect him in person. Count Lecter couldn't risk Hannibal running his mouth off now everything was unravelling.

They had also sent an agent to the Embassy to straighten out the issue. His visa was now back in place with the university as his sponsor until such time as his money was restored to him. In the meantime he was to receive a monthly stipend from student welfare and be put up in university accommodation.

It had been a long and exhausting day and it was still not even four in the afternoon, when they all assembled in Jack Crawford's office. Hannibal, Will, Crawford and two Interpol agents all awaited the arrival of Robert Lecter.

"It'll be okay," Will muttered and Hannibal gave an encouraging smile.

He felt strangely vulnerable and wished it were just he and Will there. But that comfort was something denied to them for now. Either way he was happy Will was there at all.

He'd had the choice not to come, both of them had. But Hannibal wanted to look his uncle in the eyes. And there was no small part of him that was going to take satisfaction in his apprehension.

Hannibal braced himself when there was a knock at the door, and watched as Crawford walked casually over to open it.

"Ah, Your Excellency. Thank you for coming to join us, I imagine you are very keen to see your nephew." Because that had been the ruse, the lure. Hannibal had been found and Crawford had called his uncle over to collect him.

“Oh, of course,” Lecter crooned as he walked in, his eyes going to Will and then Hannibal. “My poor boy, what have you gotten yourself into.

It took the Count a moment to notice the other people in the room as Crawford closed the door.

He looked at Will, giving him a polite nod and then back to Crawford.

“I don’t believe I know your friends.”

Hannibal couldn’t help the grin that spread across his face, as his uncle’s face fell, realising there was something amiss.

“Your Excellency, these are Agents Price and Zeller from Interpol. They’ve asked us to assist with their queries.” Crawford gestured to the two men as Lecter’s eyes went wide.

“Count Lecter, we would like you to come with us to answer a few questions pertaining to accusations of fraud, embezzlement and theft.” Price spoke precisely and fixed Lecter with a glare.

“What on earth!” Lecter sputtered as Zeller moved to take him by the arm.

“We’d like to do this with as little fuss and spectacle as possible, I’m sure a man of your position will understand.”

For a moment he looked like he was about to protest, but must have thought better of it. Even so his face heated and he looked like he might explode with anger. Apparently so much anger that he couldn’t help but turn to Hannibal as they led him to the door.

“You little swine. Don’t tell them anything!”

“Let’s not have a scene, Your Excellency,” Price spoke as though he really couldn’t be bothered with the man, despite having only just met him.

“It’s over.” Will grinned as the agents left, Crawford following behind them.

Hannibal took the chance to stride across the room and throw himself into Will’s arms. Will held him tight, kissed his hair.

“Just a few months,” Will said and Hannibal nodded against his chest before leaning back a little and moving upwards to capture Will’s mouth with his own.

Crawford cleared his throat outside the door before coming back in, giving them time to jump apart.

Just a few months.

**The End of the Semester**

Will looked around his office to make sure he hadn't left anything behind. He would be in over the break, of course, but for the next couple of weeks he had no intention of leaving his house.

For good reason.

That good reason came barrelling through the office door as Will was about to open it.

"Schools out for the summer," Will grinned as Hannibal pushed him back into the office and against the desk.

"I've missed you." Hannibal growled before pressing their mouths together and groaning into Will's as he opened to him.

Hannibal pressed their bodies together, forcing Will to spread his legs and feel the hardness between them.

Will groaned all the more but then pushed Hannibal back.

"Wait."

"Classes are over, all that's left is Graduation and we're not waiting until th-" Hannibal interjected with a scowl, brat that he was.

Will chuckled and shook his head. "No, we're not waiting until then. But we *are* waiting until we get back to my place. Having sex in my office definitely would get me fired."

Hannibal grumbled but pulled away, "How about in the car? I-"

"No."

Hannibal smirked and Will was sure he was going to try something anyway, he would deal with that as it arose. Literally.

And yes, Hannibal did indeed attempt to give Will a blowjob as they were halfway to Wolf Trap, which took a lot for Will to resist.

They were both achingly hard when they reached the house.

"This, ung, this isn't just about sex, I've, oh fuck. I've missed you." Will could barely get out the words as they made it through his front door. Will tried to kick it closed and overbalanced, pulling them both to the floor.

Hannibal landed on top of him, instantly straddling his hips. "Me too. I missed you. Not just the money."

Will chuckled and pulled Hannibal down into a kiss. Their bodies moved together, friction from each other and the clothes between them as Hannibal rutted against him.

"Ungg," Will pulled away, keening. "I'm not going to last. Fuck!"

“Are you going to make a mess, daddy?” Hannibal panted, clearly as close as Will.

“Fuck, yeah baby. Want you to make a mess too. Come in your pants for daddy, darlin’” Will purred the words and took hold of Hannibal’s hips, undulating their hips together.

“Daddy,” Hannibal whined, arching his back and then crying out.

Just the look of bliss had Will following him over the edge, spilling hot and wet in his pants.

“Oh fuck,” Will panted.

They should get up, clean up. Go call Winston in from the woods and feed him. Go upstairs and do this all over again, but hopefully whilst buried inside Hannibal.

But for now they shook with their climaxes, weak and overwhelmed. Hannibal collapsed onto him, and Will pulled his arms up around the boy.

“Are you going to move back in?” Will asked, stroking his hand up and down Hannibal’s back. “There’s no pressure-”

He felt Hannibal’s smile against his neck. “I suppose I will. It’s still warmer than the morgue.”

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